



# THE COMING OF THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

For all our holidays, the Fourth of July is pre-eminently Boy's day, and the boy knows it. In fact, everybody is brought to a keen realization of the fact before the day is well commenced. For a long time before its arrival he has been anticipating and planning for it. He has cultivated an exceptionally winning and accommodating way in every direction where it might inspire reward in the shape of money for fireworks or other ammunition. Pennies have long been treasured for the purchase of noise-making devices, for he must have big crackers, almost as noisy as cannon; many packs of small crackers to set off under tin cans or barrels, tiny ones to make folks jump, and torpedoes, pinwheels and "spittin' devils." Gathered in the shade, with knees drawn up to their chins, groups of youngsters discuss the achievements of their favorite heroes, announce plans for the forthcoming day, recount the joys and triumphs of past celebrations and argue the merits of colored fire vs. rockets. Maybe a toy pistol that has managed to survive the vicissitudes of a whole year, in a boy's possession, and come out with a whole barrel and trigger and half a handle, is traded for a few early firecrackers and an empty cartridge shell or two.

Our boy's dreams are filled with processions of soldiers in blue uniforms, picnics, firing anvils, home-made mortars and evening illuminations and fireworks, when maybe the dreamer shall be permitted to hold a Roman candle while it sends forth a fountain of flaming stars. In fact, his plans for the day are so big that one youngster entertains grave doubts if the day itself will be long enough for him to vent all the enthusiasm and patriotism bottled up within him, and he would probably echo the sentiment of the little colored boy who, at the close of a glorious Christmas celebration on the plantation, sighed:

Oh, what a blessed 'tw'd a bin,  
Ef Santa had been born a twin,  
We'd hab two Christmases a year,  
Or y'haps one brudder'd settle here.  
He would be thankful if Fourth of

July, too, had been "born a twin," for he feels equal to doing two days ample justice.

The windows in town where marvelous displays of fireworks are made have great attraction for boys these preliminary days, and they linger in small squads about them, from the shape and color of the various devices shown therein, recognizing and pointing out favorites of previous years. Perhaps one boy ventures in and prices the goods; then another arrives who knows where they can be purchased more cheaply, but he soon loses the precedence which such superior knowledge should give, when another, larger boy announces, contemptuously: "Yes, but they're no good!" That, of course, brings on a heated discussion, and the youngsters finally move off, each eagerly defending his position.

## One Way of Getting Funds.

Our boy has even gone so far as to organize money-getting entertainments, circuses being a favorite form of amusement with him. After the important question of who shall be ringmaster has been settled—for, of course, each and every one of the performers wants to be ringmaster—a tent is pitched and set up in the back yard, and the company begins rehearsals. The affair is widely advertised, admission being a cent, "or anything we can get," and, of course, it goes off with a great deal of eclat. If, after it is over, each participant can pocket as much as 24 cents it is regarded as having been a thrilling success. It has made a great deal of work for Young America, but he hasn't minded that a bit. He is perfectly satisfied, his only concern having been that "the glorious Fourth" should be celebrated in the way he knows it ought to be; so he immediately sets about procuring the very largest supply of fireworks that can be secured for his 24 cents—more or less, as the case may be.

Who does not know of the despair that seizes upon the youngster who, after all his planning and insinuating and gracious ways, finds, on the eve of the Fourth when he takes inventory of his noise-making stock, that it is far from adequate to express his patriotism? And what is still more discouraging, his gentle hints fall apparently unheeded on seemingly unsympathetic ears, until he begins to feel that he is living in a cold, unfeeling world and desperately considers the advisability of shooting off everything all at once "and

be done with it." Then it is that the appearance of that hero of all boys' heroes, his father, with his arms full of the most wonderful fireworks, transforms the world into a paradise.

At all events, in some way, Young America's plans have been so well laid, and, when the day dawns, he proceeds so vigorously to execute them that people with sensitive nerves flee pell-mell countryward to get rid of the din, while those who are so accustomed to the quiet of out-of-town life that noise is a novelty to them, come flocking to the city to enjoy the festivities.

## Early Oregon Observances.

The Fourth, however, is not entirely monopolized by the boys, for, in all the past century and more of our national life, both young and old have participated in the rejoicing. In early times in Oregon, when the population was sparse and there were no newspapers to announce the order of exercises at any place, or railroads to put forth gay posters announcing reduced rates, and the few steamboats on the river did not run excursions, the day was celebrated with as much enthusiasm as it is now, although fireworks and firecrackers did not perform so important a part in the ceremonies as they do at the present time.

After a meeting place had been selected the word was passed from mouth to mouth for miles about, and everybody attended. Many came over mountain trails on horseback, and some in wagons, mayhap a whole family arriving in the old "schooner," in which it had crossed the plains; some rowed long distances in skiffs, while walking was resorted to by others. No fatigue was considered too great, for, in those days, holidays were infrequent and one could not afford to miss them. Everybody came early and stayed late, and they enjoyed a reunion that only those who have been drawn close together by the hardships and dangers of frontier life can appreciate. Of course, the women

did not neglect to furnish most appetizing delicacies from orchard and oven, and the banquet was spread under the trees or on the dancing platform. The men supplied the amusements in the shape of

## FATE OF THE APATHUS.

Oh! an Apathus sat on a Chrysanthemum  
A-scenting her sinnaas,  
And she little thought of the Pyrethrum  
That would take her life away.

And there she sat, a-taking a rest,  
And smiled in a satisfied way,  
For she'd laid ten eggs in a Bombus nest,  
And she'd soon be the do'll to pay.

For her offspring dear, her very first brood,  
Would hatch in a very short time,  
And no trouble she'd have a-soring up food,  
For she worked on the Cuckoo line.

Her young would hatch ere the young bumble-bee,  
And the young bumblebees would die,  
When the young Apathus would live at their ease,  
And fatten like pigs in a sty.

So she sat in the sun, this wicked old bee,  
And scratched her tibiae,  
And chuckled inside in lazy glee,  
At the business she'd done that day.

But the Chrysanthemum on which she sat  
Belonged to a nest old maid,  
Whose plants were her pride (next to her cat),  
And that day she was out on a raid.

Against Aphids and slugs, with a Buhach-gush  
Filled with Peters & Millo's best,  
And, seeing the Apathus, just for fun,  
She dusted her yellow vest.

How the cheat kicked, as she fell on the ground!  
And how she did buzz and hum!  
But she never got well; she never "came round";  
Her fraudulent life was done.

From this little tale can a moral be drawn—  
How the bumblebees lose not a bit;  
But work all day, from the earliest dawn,  
And thus "escape the death-dealing hit."

This moral is good, but please don't forget  
Those eggs that the Apathus hid.  
The Bombus is working and slaving yet,  
But it's all for the other's egg!

—L. O. HOWARD.

horse, foot, wheelbarrow and sack races, and wrestling and shooting matches, the fun of the day culminating in the climbing of the grand pole.

These, of course, were preceded by the day's regular exercises, which then, as now—and may it always be so—consisted of a prayer, the singing of the National songs, the solemn and impressive reading of the Declaration of Independence and an oration. The oration was the feature of the day, and the most eloquent and prominent speaker who could be secured delivered it.

A citizen of Portland who spent his boyhood in Oregon recalls one Fourth which made a vivid impression on his boyish mind. It was held in 1849, in Linn County, at Knox's Butte, an eminence which commanded a most imposing view. A large concourse assembled, it being the gathering from three counties. There was a motley array of conveyances and the people were all in their best, some of the men in buckskin suits, but most of them in plain citizens' clothes and the women in pretty dresses. The general good feeling, the grandeur of the scene and the eloquence of the orator sent the boy participant home with the feeling that there was nothing on earth quite so grand as to be an American and live in Oregon.

In 1852 The Oregonian, then in its swaddling clothes, gave an account of the Fourth of July celebration then held here. A procession of considerable pretensions, composed mostly of civic order, formed in front of the Columbian Hotel and marched to the Methodist Church, where the exercises of the day were held. Subsequently all repaired to a new store building, and there enjoyed a most appetizing repast.

## Vancouver Celebration.

In 1853 officers of the United States Army stationed hereabout, and the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company exchanged felicitations at Vancouver. The party from Portland proceeding there on

the steamer Lot Whitcomb. At noon the National salute of 21 guns was fired, and it was returned by the Hudson's Bay Company's fort. On returning to Portland in the evening the party was met at the wharf by a company of fantastically attired men who styled themselves "earthquakes," and who escorted the returning citizens through the streets, thereby creating a great deal of fun.

In 1855 the volunteer fire companies took an active part in the Portland parade. The Willamette Engine Company, numbering 24 members, and which was preceded in the procession by four pioneers, was attired in uniforms, consisting of bearskin caps, black pants, black belts, edged with red, and buckskin aprons, each man carrying a heavy ax.

In the early days a very popular form of Fourth of July celebration was the barbecue, when slaughtered animals were roasted whole over pits of glowing coals; then, when they were nicely browned, and the savory odor of roasted meat, done just to the turn, filled the air, they were placed on long tables, cut into slices and passed to the people between pieces of bread. All the time there would be much fun and joking, and maybe a speech or two would be made.

If dancing were among the scheduled amusements and a shower happened to come up, the rain only caused a temporary interference with the festivities, for, as soon as it was over, the water was swept from the platform, the music commenced, and dancing was resumed. Which all goes to show that whatever the pioneer set out to do he did.

## Then and Now.

The manner in which the present Fourth is to be celebrated in Portland will eloquently illustrate what this persistency of the pioneer has accomplished for the state. People now living in Portland can remember when its streets were but the width of a wagon, while a path, running parallel to them, served as a sidewalk, and, instead of telegraph poles and lamp-posts, stumps intervened.

However, on the Fourth of July, down these primitive streets, marched the city's bravest and best. Everything that could make a showing turned out. The volunteer fire companies always appeared, dragging their hose wagon, or carrying buckets and an ax. The spectators along the path, who had gathered from many miles around, were not lacking in enthusiasm. At the rear of the procession there

generally appeared men on horseback who were very fantastically arrayed and whose antics furnished unbounded delight to the children. On the coming Fourth, over some of these same streets, which are now broadened and paved, there will sweep, in well-ordered column, headed by the police, the time-crowned veteran, the sturdy volunteer and the "Regular Army man," with bands playing and banners flying. The flower-wreathed fire apparatus, drawn by powerful horses; the city's officers, the civic and benevolent societies in gay regalia, and the merchants' floats will follow. And, in the place of road races or mirth-provoking clowns, beautiful horses, with glossy coats, grace in every motion and power in every muscle, will step, lightly and proudly, under the guiding hand of skilled horsemen, who will sit enthroned in flower-burdened traps and carriages, Lads and lassies, with their ponies and tiny carts adorned with fragrant blossoms, will constitute a charming feature of the parade.

## On the River.

In the afternoon, visitors who, perhaps not very long ago, rowed long distances to reach a place of celebration, and who also may have come much farther on this day by train or boat, may stand on bridge or wharf and there watch trim yachts unfurl their snowy sails to catch the breeze that shall take them racing over sunlit waters, while light rowing craft, manned by brawny oarsmen, will make their way over the river's surface to gain the goal and win the coveted prize. There will also be an oration, the reading of the Declaration of Independence and patriotic songs and recitations.

In the evening fireworks will vie with the silent stars, creating a fleeting, fiery fairytale, now glowing red, now yellow, blue or white, as the colored lights flare up. Rockets shall speed skyward, pause, hesitate, then break into a shower of brilliant lights, that shall slowly sink and fade into the night. There will be illuminated balloons and fiery wheels, while fountains of fire and vari-colored stars, wonderful in brilliancy, falling, tumbling and tossing in magnificent catenacs, will help to entertain the spectator. There will be set pieces, too, among them the design of the battle-ship Oregon, limned in lines of living fire. EDITH L. NILES.

# TOURING with AGUINALDO

By WINFIELD HOGABOOM



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## CHAPTER III.

THE following morning, which was Tuesday morning, by the way, found me up bright and early. I was soon on my way to Major Lake's office to begin the arduous work of the day. The Major greeted me cordially—almost effusively.

Major Lake, I had already discovered, was all there was to "see," unless Aguinaldo and myself were to be included. I had always been told that there are only three kinds of people who are really entitled to use "we" in speaking of themselves individually, those three being respectively editors, men whose mothers-in-law come to live with them, and people with tape-worms. But I decided that managers of lecture bureaus, where the manager, in his own person, constitutes all there is to the bureau, ought to be included in the list, because he will insist on speaking of himself as "we" anyway. It's a habit, and you can't break him of it.

"Have you thought of anything for today?" he asked. "Remember that our first lecture takes place on Thursday evening, and this is Tuesday. We must jam the house—you understand me—pack it to the doors. People mustn't be allowed to think of anything else but Aguinaldo from this time on. You have some ideas, I presume?"

"Ideas!" I exclaimed. "I am full of them—slopping over with them. They come to me at an average of twice a minute. With your permission I shall take charge of Aguinaldo today and keep him constantly with me; I want to study him."

"Take him," said the Major. "Take him," he responded, in a tone of voice calculated to impress a feeling of extreme generosity. "I place him entirely at your disposal. See that the papers have good stories in the morning—you understand me—something in the way of human interest stories. Have some of those pictures that make him look like a scared jackrabbit to go with the stories."

"Leave it all to me," I replied in a quiet, but firm voice. Then, after outlining my plans for the day, I took my leave of him.

hour later. I fancied he had been suffering some from ague, whatever that is. He had apparently thrown off the restraint which he had felt in my presence on the previous day, and was more like himself.

"I am going to take charge of you today, Aguinaldo," I said, in a pleasant tone of voice, "and I have planned a nice little adventure which cannot but prove interesting to you. You like adventure, I presume?"

"O, yes," he replied, though he was not as enthusiastic about it as I had thought he would be. "I am quite fond of adventure—when the conditions are right."

"And you will trust me, Aguinaldo, will you not?" I asked in an appealing tone, and giving him a frank, open look from my clear blue eyes.

"Yes, I suppose so. But the Major has already told me not to loan any money to reporters. You are not a real reporter, though; is that not so? Yes, I will trust you." And then he began slowly to take out of his pocket a large leather wallet. "How much do you need?"

"Slight misunderstanding," I said, somewhat pained by his words and the effort required to put aside the temptation. "What I mean is, will you trust me to take care of you when we unexpectedly run into some adventure. We are going to have some remarkable adventures, you know, and they are all going to be written up for the papers."

Aguinaldo quickly placed the wallet back in his pocket, and I imagined that a less troubled soul settled over his expressive countenance.

"It will trust you implicitly," he said. "It is not our fault if we have adventures, and we cannot help it if the papers talk about us."

fairly. "You Americans will do anything." "But the arrangements are so perfect," I said, interrupting him; "that it will be utterly impossible for any one to discover us. I have already written the accounts of the occurrence for the afternoon papers, and I will have time, after the display, to get back and be interviewed by the reporters of the morning papers, and also to assist them in writing up the details of the terrible affair."

A strange light came into Aguinaldo's eyes. "I will trust you," he said, "but you mustn't let me stay kidnapped any longer than is absolutely necessary."

"No," I replied, with low, rippling laugh. "It's all arranged perfectly. I shall find a note, written in a strained, awkward hand, evidently disguised, stating that you will be held for \$50,000 ransom. We had thought at first to make it \$100,000, but finally came down to \$50,000. The note will be directed to Major Lake, and will tell him to drive about a certain secluded spot on the San Bruno road, and to deposit the money, done up in a neat package, under the roots of a tree where the road forks, at precisely 12 o'clock tomorrow night. If he doesn't do this he will be killed."

"Major Lake will drive all alone to the spot, deposit the money as directed, and return to the city unobserved by any one. In the morning, after a night of sleepless anxiety, the Major will wake up to find that you are safe and sound at your hotel, and I will rush away to the newspaper offices to give them the first news of the discovery, see that the details are properly worded, and add a paragraph to the effect that the lecture will positively take place as announced, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary."

Planning Details.

We passed another half hour in going over the details, and then I left him, saying that I would call immediately after lunch, and for him to be ready at that time to start out for the adventure. He said that he intended to take a little stroll before lunch, and I cautioned him about talking with strangers.

When I returned at 1 o'clock I found Aguinaldo back from his stroll, and in a state of great excitement. After much difficulty, during which he endeavored to make me understand a mixture of Tagalog and English, I learned that he had met with an adventure that was not down on our programme. At first I was delighted, thinking that we might be able to use it, but later on I learned that it would be of no use to us.

"I was walking along the street," he said, "and happening to glance over to the other side, I thought I saw an old friend of mine named Manuel Espanosa y Alamosa from Bongabong, P. I. I crossed over, but when I came to the other side I saw that it was a case of mistaken identity. It was a cigar store Indian."

"Just as I started to go back to the

other side again, a bicycle shot in between the curb and the car track, and it seemed to me that it was going to crash into me and cause a terrible catastrophe.

"I started to rush back onto the sidewalk, without even stopping to see who was on the bicycle, but before I could get under way I discovered that it had made a move like that I would surely get it full force, head on. So then I decided to make for the car track and take the chance of being run down by the car, and as quickly as possible, I swung around and darted toward the middle of the street. But I was too late, the bicycle had turned, too, and I was cut off in that direction."

## An Interesting Retrospect.

"Every avenue of escape now seemed closed to me. In a second of time all the events of my life passed through my mind, as I stood there with my eyes closed. I thought of my old home, of my dear mother and of my boyhood days, and the many happy hours I had spent on the old farm near Passawogawag, with the Gogoloo River flowing by the door, and the grand old Hutemacocoe Mountains close at hand. Every instant I was expecting to be hurled into eternity. But I wasn't, and so, presently, after I had thought of everything connected with my life worth thinking of, I opened my eyes and saw a beautiful lady in the act of dismounting from the wheel, which was leaning against the curb. And whether you believe it or not, Mr. Hogaboom, as sure as you are alive, the lady was cross-eyed, and I don't believe she had seen me at all."

During this recital of his strange adventure, Aguinaldo had recovered some of his usual calmness, and was now quite rational again.

"Do you think we could use it in the papers?" he asked. "It is my first adventure with a bicycle in this country, you know, and the public will—"

"Hardly," I replied, after giving the matter some thought. "You see, you missed your opportunity. You should have retained your presence of mind and made a desperate leap for the curb, just as soon as you saw what the situation was. You would then have collected with the bicycle and its rider, and for an instant the air around them would have been filled with arms and legs, and wheels and sprockets and things, and presently you would have emerged from the group bearing the unconscious form of the lady in your arms. The crowd, which would have become so dense by this time that it would even have attracted the attention of a policeman, would not cheer you wildly, and the reporters would rush in and learn who you were. A little more experience, Aguinaldo, and you will be all right. The idea was good enough, but poorly worked out."

## CHAPTER IV.

"I think things are coming out all right," said Major Lake, as he laid down the morning paper and took off his glasses

to wipe them on his coat sleeve. We were sitting in his office. It was the morning after the kidnapping.

"Aguinaldo seemed to like the idea, didn't he?" the Major went on. "He doesn't think we are overworking him—you understand me—crowding him, does he?"

"Oh, no, I am sure he doesn't think that," I replied. "He is satisfied, I believe, so long as we do not ask him to take any active part in his adventures. He seems to feel that we are his friends."

"But what can we do with him today? This is our last day—you understand me—our last day for press work before the lecture. We must not overlook that fact."

"I am about to pay a visit to his apartments to lay before him my plans for the day," I replied, "and also to secure his consent to co-operate. I desire to take him on his first ride in an automobile."

"Seems rather tame," said the Major, with just a shade of disappointment resting upon his face. "You understand me—seems to lack the element of excitement."

"But what if the automobile should run away with us?" I explained. "What if it runs away and dashes madly up the crowded thoroughfares, Major, and creates some terrible havoc?"

"Excellent!" he cried, his face brightening instantly. "Excellent!"

"I propose to leave him all alone in the automobile, for only a moment, while I step inside to ask the man in charge what he thinks of Carrie Nation's actions, and also to chew up a clove. And when I return the automobile, with Aguinaldo on the seat, will be gone."

"Then you will not be on the automobile when it runs away?"

"No, I believe not. Don't you think it will be better for me not to be, Major?"

"Well, yes—that is—you understand me safer, anyway."

## The Major Explains.

The major must have noted the pained expression that swept over my countenance, for he hastened to add: "But, of course, that is not the reason why you will go inside and leave Aguinaldo on the automobile all alone—you understand me. The object of your visit will be something entirely different. And, now, have you figured out what the automobile may do after it runs away?"

"Well, not exactly. But I was reading only yesterday about an automobile that had always been considered kind and gentle and well broke. The other day, however, the owner carelessly left it standing by the curb without hitching, and a couple of small boys came along and climbed into it for fun and then wanted to see how it worked, of course. They soon found out how it worked, and presently it was scudding down the street at a terrible gait. A newspaper lying in the road frightened the high-strung thing, and it reared up and pitched onto the boys, and then dashed madly away. Passing over the oldest inhabitant without turning a hair, the auto raised a two-story residence seventy feet into the air. A cow loomed

up on the horizon, and in a moment there was a trip on the seat. A low mountain was quickly smoothed down to sea-level, and immediately afterward the machine gathered in five ducks from the surface of the bay, which it skimmed so swiftly as to hardly dampen the fires."

"Warming up to the work, it now cut into a small village and by the gradual decrease of a wide circular movement, soon had a garden planted with all kinds of human, animal and other truck. The auto finally ran down a depot. It had carved in one side of the structure and was preparing to override the ticket agent, when a baggage man, who happened to be near by, seized it, whirled it about his head three or four times, and laid it down a complete wreck."

## The Major Impressed.

The major looked thoughtful for a minute or two. "Isn't it wonderful what a reporter—I should say, a baggageman—you understand me—can do when he tries. But let us hasten to Aguinaldo's apartments, and proceed to set things in motion. Our time is limited."

We were soon at the hotel, and a moment later entered the apartment of the great soldier, statesman and lecturer. Aguinaldo was absent. Descending to the office I learned that the clerks knew nothing of his whereabouts. The servants, upon being questioned, said that they had not seen Aguinaldo since the previous day. Not a person about the big caravansary had seen him leave. He had disappeared as completely as though the rich Axminster carpet had opened and swallowed him up.



up on the horizon, and in a moment there was a trip on the seat. A low mountain was quickly smoothed down to sea-level, and immediately afterward the machine gathered in five ducks from the surface of the bay, which it skimmed so swiftly as to hardly dampen the fires."

## A Supposition.

"You don't suppose the blamed idiot took that kidnapping business seriously, and that he has been standing around in the park all night, waiting for a man resembling Pat Cronin to come along and drag him away, do you?" said the major at last, in a voice half choked with emotion.

"No," I replied brusquely, in a firm but quiet voice, scarcely heeding his words. Then, a moment later, turning to him, I said, in a low tone: "Major, our man is in a room on the top floor of the building at the corner of K— and L— streets at this very moment. He is seated at a table talking to a man with a full, black beard, and wearing a Prince Albert coat and a pair of spectacles. Aguinaldo left these apartments not more than an hour ago, and went directly to the place I have indicated. He will remain there for at least another half hour, but we may as well saunter down that way, if you don't mind, and meet him as he leaves the place. It may be well for us to see him safely back here."

Major Lake looked at me with wonderment almost akin to awe on his face. "You—you understand me—you are perfectly sure of this?" he asked, trembling from head to foot.

"Perfectly," I replied simply. "Is he—is he harmed?"

"No."

"And there is no danger?"

"Yes; but we shall be on hand to prevent anything from happening."

"My Gawd, how wonderful!" exclaimed the Major, with a look of intense admiration at me. "But how do you know all this? Are you not smoking the cheap brand, or something?"

"The solution of the whole mystery, if you choose to call it, lies before you," I said, ignoring his question, and with a careless sweep of my hand toward a small table which occupied the middle of the room, indicating a newspaper, partially folded, which lay upon the table. On the outside of the paper, as it was folded, was an advertisement.

The Major took up the paper and read the advertisement carefully through to the end. As he turned to me, I shall never forget the look upon his face. (To be continued.)